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A. NOLTNER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesdays of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

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Heart-True.

"It is such a bother to be poor!"

There had been a long interval of silence in Mrs. Jameson's sitting-room, when Gertie made this exclamation.

"What is the new bother, Gertie?"

The pleased voice and tone of kindly inquiry made the young girl blush deeply as she replied:

"O, mamma, never mind; I was only thinking aloud."

"Thinking of what?"

"Of some velvet flowers I saw yesterday, which just matched this ribbon," and Gertie held up a bonnet she was trimming. "Velvet flowers are so lovely for a winter bonnet, and this one needs something."

"I am sure it looks nice, Gertie."

"Nice," said the girl, scornfully emphasizing the word; "yes it is very nice, and that turned silk is nice, and the short sack made out of your old cloak is nice, and cleaned gloves are nice, and—"

"Why Gertie!" cried her mother, in a voice of amazement.

"But there is nothing stylish or handsome in cleaned gloves and retrimmed bonnets, and old cloaks turned into sacks, and so I say poverty is a bother."

"Gertie, put away that bonnet and come here. Now, little daughter," said the widow gently, "tell me the meaning of this sudden tirade against poverty; of the restless tossing I heard from your room last night; of the nervous unquiet of my contented little girl since yesterday?"

There was no reply.

"Gertie, what did Leon Payne say to you last evening?"

"He asked me to be his wife." The words were jerked out hastily.

"And you answered—"

"Jane came in to shut up the parlor, not knowing he was there, and she stayed; so he got no answer at all."

"But he must be answered, Gertie. He has spoken to me and I told him it must rest with you."

"Mamma!" this after a long, deep silence.

"He is very rich. When he marries, his wife can have every luxury. If—if it is I, we can have you with us, and Jane need not teach that horrid school any longer. We were on —— street the other day, and stopped to look into a jeweler's window, and he pointed out the kind of jewels he would wish his wife to wear. I need not wear old silks then, mamma."

"Then you intend to accept his offer?"

I don't know; you see, there is Harry."

"But Harry cannot offer you jewels."

"No, poor Harry! If he had only three thousand dollars, Mr. Ingraham would take him into the firm. He told me all about it last week. But think how long it would take to save three thousand dollars, and of course his wife must save, and pinch, and economize until he is able to spend more freely."

"Yes, dear, there would be no variation on the turned cloth and retrimmed bonnets; no velvet flowers, no jewels."

"But such a noble, true heart; such tender love!"

"Leon Payne loves you."

"As much as he loves anything beyond his own pleasure and comfort. He is so thoroughly selfish, so hard, and thinks so much of himself. It is his wife that must be hadsomely dressed, ride in her carriage, and reflect credit upon his choice. Mamma, he loves me because I am pretty and can sing well, and can manage his house nicely. Harry loves me because it is I."

There was a violent jerk at the door-bell at that instant that called her to the door. She came back with flying feet

"Two valentines, mamma! I had forgotten it was the fourteenth.

"Two?"

"Yes, oh, mamma, look!"

She had torn the cover from a dainty package in her hand and opened a morocco case inside. Upon the black velvet lining lay a *parure* of glittering diamonds, flashing up, where a stray sunbeam fell upon them, into a glorious sea of color."

"Leon Payne!" cried Gertie. "Are they not exquisite?"

Mrs. Jameson's lips quivered a little as she looked at her daughter's flushed face and bright eyes, and her heart sent up a silent prayer for the future, trembling before her eyes.

"Look at the other," she said quietly.

"Only a copy of verses," said Gertie. "Violet eyes and all that sort of thing. But are not these diamonds magnificent? It is the very set I admired so much when we were out the other day."

Gertie, it is 11 o'clock, and I must go to Mrs. Lewis'. Little daughter, you may have callers while I am out." She drew her child into her arms, and looked with anxious love into her eyes.

"Gertie, my daughter, be true to your own heart." And so she left her.

True to her own heart. Gertie Jameson sat down to ponder over those words. The diamonds flashed out their glorious waves of light before her eyes; the copy of verses lay open on the little work-table, and Gertie sat musing. Pictures of the past came in succession into her memory.

It was ten years ago, but she could still remember the day, since her father had been called to the shadow land. The luxurious country home where she and Jane, her eldest sister were born. Her mother, one of the finest amateur pianists of her time, had begun to teach music, and they had lived upon her earnings until Jane was old enough to take the French class in a large seminary, and Gertie to have singing schools at home; but even with these additions their income was very limited. Close economy, self-denial, humble fare and quiet dress, Gertie could recall much more distinctly than the wealth her father had squandered.

Where did Harry Clarke come upon the scene? Gertie scarcely knew. He was a step-son of her mother's brother, and came to the city to make his fortune. Far away in the central part of Pennsylvania nestled a small farm where Harry was born, where father and mother had died, and which was the boy's sole patrimony. The rent of his domain scarcely sufficed to clothe the young clerk, but he had been winning his way in the house of I. & Co. and now, if he could make three thousand dollars, might be a partner. The farm might bring part of that sum, where was the rest to come from, queried Gertie. Yet over Harry's memory picture the little maiden lingered lovingly. There was no part of her life so pleasant to dwell upon as that where he figured. Long walks and talks, duets over the old piano, chats by moonlight, firelight and gaslight. He was so tender and loving, so honorable and true, so respectful to her mother, so tender to Jane, and so ready to advise or assist Jane's betrothed, a fellow clerk, who was waiting the turn in fortune's wheel that would enable him to marry. Was not such love as he offered worthy of any sacrifice?

Leon Payne came to the scene only six months before this musing fit upon Gertie. She had met him at a party and had bewitched him by her pretty piquant beauty, her grace and voice. He had dazzled her by his handsome face—Harry was not handsome, poor fellow, Gertie sighed—and wealth. But the young girl knew, with a woman's intuition, that under the courtly manners, flattering attentions and devoted air, there was a hard, selfish nature, a cruel jealousy and a suspicious and hot temper. Yet he was so rich, and Gertie knew all the torture and misery of genteel poverty.

"Be true to your own heart!" she said aloud as she arose and walked the room. "Do I love Leon Payne? If he should lose his wealth would I be a true and loving wife to him still? Could I wear old bonnets for his sake?"

She took up the diamonds and put them on while she spoke. They flashed brilliantly against the deep crimson of her neat dress and heightened the effect of her young, fresh beauty.

"If he were poor and ill could I work for him—as I could for Harry?"

It burst from her lips in a sort of cry, and she tore off the jewels and replaced them in their velvet bed. "I could bear all this for Harry but not for Leon Payne. I will be true to my own heart."

* * * * * *

The winter was gliding into spring when Mrs. Jameson sat in a luxurious house on —— street, waiting the coming of two brides. The parlor in which she waited was richly furnished. Velvet carpets covered the floor, velvet curtains draped the windows, long mirrows threw back the light of large chandaliers; costly pictures in heavy gilt frames hung upon the wall. Above large bedrooms were filled with handsomely appointed furniture. In one room, laces, velvets, flowers and silks fit for a royal trousseau filled drawers and wardrobe; the dining-room was spread for a rich and varied repast, and the widow's own dress, though only black silk, was rich and handsomely made.

"My little Gertie," said Mrs. Jameson, softly, "how will she ever reign over this palace?"

A quieter home, but pleasant, too, was waiting for Jane, whose husband had received an anonymous gift that enabled him to accept a business opening long looked upon as an unattainable felicity. But Jane was to spend a few days with Gertie before going to her own home, and the mother looked for two brides, as I said before.

It was nearly midnight when the carriage drove up. Gertie was the first to her mother's arms, and then, as Jane took her place, the little bride stood in the center of the long parlors pale with astonishment. She had tossed off her bonnet, and the soft grey traveling dress of the mistress of the house seemed oddly out of place.

"Where am I?" she gasped at last.

"At home, my darling," and her husband passed his arm around her waist.

"Home?"

"It is not such a very long story," he said, looking down into her wondrous eyes; "but I did not tell you before, because I wanted to see if you loved me."

She nestled close to him, letting her head fall upon his bosom.

"The farm, Gertie," he said softly, "was full of oil."

"Oil!"

"I sold it for more money than Leon Payne ever possessed. Now, Pet, run up-stairs; mother will show you the room, and let me see how some of the finery there suits you."

"But it is nearly midnight."

"Never mind, we want a queen to preside over this supper."

Mrs. Jameson led the way, while Jane and her husband stood as bewildered as Gertie had been. Suddenly the bridegroom started forward to grasp Harry's hand.

"Are we not brothers?" said Harry quietly.

There was a little talk then; with husky voices and moist eyes, and Jane was still looking gratefully into Harry's face when the door opened and Gertie flashed in. All the light had come back to her eyes the rich color to her cheeks, and the shining silk revealed snowy arms and shoulders, while rich lace fell in folds around the sweeping skirts. Upon her clustering curls rested a wreath of white flowers, and rare bracelets clasped her wrists. She made a low reverence to her husband.

"Lovely!" he cried, "but, Pet. wear the diamonds to-night."

"What diamonds?"

"The ones I sent you for a valentine."

"You sent me, Harry! I sent them back to Leon Payne."

It was certainly ten years later when, one evening at Mrs. Clarke's reception, Mrs. Leon Payne said to her, pointing to her jewels:

"It was the oddest thing about these diamonds. Somebody sent them to Leon for a valentine, years ago. He never could guess where they came from, for, of course, the lady must have been wealthy though why she sent a lady's *parure* to a gentleman is a mystery. Are they not lovely, Mrs. Clarke?"

"Very lovely," said Gertie, and smiled as she thought of the day, ten years ago, when she was true to her own heart.

The Sumpter *Republican* gives this description of a jewel: Among the many visitors who came to our city on Saturday last, to sell their country produce was a young lady from an adjoining county, who had chickens eggs, and butter for sale.

Her beauty was transcendent excellence. Bright, flashing, intellectual eyes and face round and rosy, while her calico dress was plain and neatly made fitting beautifully. Her rich black hair flowed in luxuriant richness. Highly educated she conversed fluently and deported herself with becoming modesty. She wore no *false* bustle or *purchased* complexion; had no top-knot on her head, or false fixings to present, but stood in the majestic beauty of a created intelligence that would not yield to the despotic dictates of frivolous fashion. It has been a long time since we gazed upon such a sight. The young men crowded around her wagon with curiosity in their eyes and admiration in their hearts. The old men wept for joy that there was one who had not bowed to Baal. She sold her country produce, went home, milked the cows, cooked supper for ten farm laborers, and went to church that night with her sweetheart.

The recent distressing cases of trichina spiralis at Flint and South Haven, Mich., which resulted so fatally, have been made the subject of a patient and prolonged investigation by the Medical Society of Kalamazoo. *Post-mortem* examinations of the bodies of the victims were made, and these loathesome parasites were found in great numbers in the bodies. The pork and ham were also examined, and found to be alive with them. It was furthermore ascertained that in each case ham had been eaten raw. As there are numerous others liable to eat ham in this condition, we commend to them the following extract from the medical report:

Eat no uncooked or half-cooked hog's flesh. The raw flesh of the hog, whatever its shape or condition, whether ham, bacon, or pork, salt or fresh, smoked or unsmoked, is liable to contain this parasite, full of life and activity that may soon work a remediless mischief in the human body. Bologna sausage, if pork be in it uncooked, is as dangerous as any other form of this meat. The heat that cooks meat utterly destroys the life and mischievous power of these vermin, and no one need fear any harm if this fact is observed.

ON SHARES.—A good story, and all the better in being true, is told of one of our citizens, who let a piece of ground to a man on shares. The man would hire the lot, but the owner, doubtful of getting any money of the tenant, proposed to let it upon the promise of receiving half the products.

Occasionally during the summer he passed the spot, and was pleased with the cultivation it was receiving and with its goodly show of vegetables. Harvest time came and passed, and he heard nothing from his tenant, till in response to a hint, the latter sent him one watermelon and three shriveled cucumbers. Indignant at this shabby treatment he called upon the man and asked him what it meant.

"Why, you see, squire," replied the tenant, "the pesky boys stole all your half but the melon and cucumbers."

A LAWYER.—It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence.

"You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" enquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Ain't that rather a low calling?" demanded the attorney.

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling?"

"He was a lawyer!" replied Clark, in a tone of regret, that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

A good christian seldom sees a wrong in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects a beautiful sky. A bad man seldom sees a good trait in his neighbor. An imperfect glass reflects nothing correctly. A perfect mirror reflects nothing but bright and pure images.

Canada and Free Trade.

The new receprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, of which our dispatches have lately made mention, has the following main provisions:

The free admission and interchange of all natural products of the United States and British provinces.

American and Canadian built vessels may carry cargoes and passengers from any port on the great lakes and river St. Lawrence to any other such port.

All canals on either side of the boundry to be open upon the same condition to citizens of the two countries.

Lake Michigan to be open to Canadians as the St. Lawrence has been to Americans.

Canadians may purchase American vessels and register as Canadians, and Americans may purchase and register Canadian built vessels in like manner.

Of these stipulations the first one is by far most wide reaching and important, and if Secretary Fish should succeed in obtaining its acceptance by the British government and its ratification by the United States, it would be a triumph of Democratic principles for which our party could afford to forgive many of the sins of President Grant's administration. For, however Democrats may differ and have differed on the currency question, the free trade principle is one of those cardinal doctrines of Democracy upon which our party has always been in theory at least a unit, and which now no more than ever demands its endorsements and support. Of course it is not likely that the principle can be carried out to its fullest extent at once, by making trade free between the United States and the other nations of the world, but it is none the less proper that the system should be modified as rapidly as may be, and that we might as well begin with Canada, our nearest neighbor, and a neighbor with whom we have such extensive commercial dealings. There is no doubt, that the experiment will prove a complete success and lead in time to the application of the same principle to our commercial relations with other counties.

One of the main arguments in favor of the union of the thirteen States that originally composed this republic was to get rid of the tariff in our own country, and the Democratic party has since persistently tried to abolish it altogether. The only reason for retaining it so long a time was that it seemed to offer the cheapest mode of Collecting taxes. But with the growth of the United States that object has vanished, and the extention of free trade to all the British provinces of America is not likely to diminish our revenues perceptibly, while it will, without doubt, materially increase the wealth of the nation, and especially of the western farmers, many of whose products have been virtually excluded from Canada by the high tariff and who in turn, have had to pay most unjust and ruinous taxes on Canadian exports.—*St. Louis Times.*

The enforcement of such a treaty would not only be a triumph of Democratic ideas, but would be a long step in the direction of a Continental Republic. The benefits which would flow from free trade with Canada would impress upon the people of the United States as well as the Dominion that the blending of their interests in a federal form of Government with the rights of each State sacredly guarded, would be better than to keep up this unnatural division.

A FEW SHORT LESSONS FOR LADIES.—Conceal from others any little discord or disunion that occurs between you and your husband.

Be you ever so conscious of superiority of judgment or talent, never let it appear to your husband.

I know not two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty.

If possible let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so.

No attraction renders a woman so agreeable at all times to her husband as cheerfulness and good humor.

How particular offensive is it to see a woman exercise authority over her husband, saying, "I will have it so," "It shall be done as I like, etc.

A TRUTH.—Young men! It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day, arm in arm with a companion.

"Depend upon it, Tom, old St. Edmond, of Canterbury, was about right when he said to somebody, 'Work as though you would live forever; live as though you would die to-day.'"

Tom nodded and the two walked on.—*From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for June.*

ADVICE TO BOYS.—If there is a boy in your school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is one who wears ragged or patched clothes, don't speak of it in his presence.

If there is a lame boy assign him some place in the play that requires but little running. If there is a dull one assist him in getting his lessons.

It is said that there is a colony of about 300 Germans now on their way from Kelton who are destined to settle either in Grand Ronde or Wallowa Valleys.

Hon. P. C. Sullivan has assumed editorial control of the Dallas *Republican.*

A Striking Indication

The *Sun* says that one of the most striking indications of demoralization which permeates every branch of the National Government is found in the unfair and dishonorable conduct which characterizes the majority of both Houses of Congress in almost every case of a contested seat. Nobody expects to see such a case decided on its merits nowadays, provided one of the contestants is a supporter of the administration, and can present any kind of plausible false pretense to support his claim, even if the strongest evidence is produced to show the right of his competitor to the place in dispute. Partisan considerations are permitted to overweigh the most convincing testimony, and the rights of the people to select their own representatives are trampled under foot by the highest legislative body in the land, which, by its official acts, has repeatedly encouraged the corruption of the ballot-box, as President Grant has done presistently and systematically. When the pretence upon which a defeated candidate belonging to the dominent party urges his claim for a seat is too barefaced even for the Administration majority to recognize, the difficulty is usually overcome by permitting the fraudulent to take his seat without prejudice to the right of the legally elected member to contest it, and then staving off investigation until nearly the end of the term. Thus the notorious ballot-box stuffer, W. T. Clark, of Texas, was permitted to occupy the seat of Mr. Giddings during nearly the whole term of the forty second Congress; and thus Sypher, of Louisiana, a disreputable carpet-bagger, who bases his claim to be considered a Congressman upon certificates purporting to be from negroes, saying that they were prevented from voting for him—certificates that Sypher's own agent has testified before a Congressional committee were forgeries—is allowed to vote and serve on important committees when every member of the House of Representatives knows that Col. Effingham Lawrence was legally elected from the district which this interloper pretends to represent. The House Committee on Elections has just made a decision which further illustrates the subject.

In 1872, Thomas M. Gunter, a Democrat, was elected to Congress from the Third District of Arkansas, but was counted out by Clayton's gang. Judge Wilshire claimed the seat on a certificate of Gov. Baxter that the Secretary of State had made an abstract of votes, which was appended, and showed an apparent majority for Wilshire obtained by throwing out a large number of the votes cast for Gunter; Gov. Baxter neglecting to make his certificate a declaration that Wilshire was elected, an omission which very likely was intentional. Nevertheless Judge Wilshire, against the protest of the majority, was permitted to take his seat, Gunter being allowed the usual liberty to further contest the case. So the matter stood until the recent Arkansas troubles broke out, and Grant, falling into the pit which Clayton had dug for the liberal Republicans, was compelled, greatly against his will, to acknowledge the fraudulent election of Baxter as valid, or virtually admit that the electorial vote of Arkansas had been stolen for him when it was in reality given to Greely. In this emergency Judge Wilshire refused to submit to Clayton's dictation and made some exceedingly damaging exposures of frauds committed by the two Administration Senators from Arkansas. This of course was rank treason, and even a Democrat would be better than a man who professes to be a Republican, but who rebels against his superior officers, tells tales out of school, and has had the temerity to say that the President's appointing power is too great for the good of the country. It causes no surprise, therefore, to learn that the Committee on Elections has just reported unanimously that Judge Wilshire was never elected, and that Mr. Gunter is entitled to the seat he has occupied so long.

THE BRUTALIZED REPUBLICAN PARTY.—What a cheerful spectatle it must be to the original Republicans to the foundes of their party thrust out of place and influence in it, and a party of renagade Democrats ruling the roost! Adams, Trumbull, Banks, Fenton, Curtin, Forney, Cassius M. Clay, and lately Seward, Chase, Greely and Summer deposed, Butler, Grant, Dix, Logan, Morton, Sickles, Holden, Harlan, and "Laudanlet" Williams lording it over the party in their places. There is one consolation that the disgusted original Republicans can take home to to their hearts. It was such men as Butler that brought about the defeat of the old Democratic party prior to the war, and they are sure to be equally a nuisance to the party with which they now affiliate.

A lazy boy is sure to make a lazy man. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond? The great mass of criminals and paupers that fill our prisons and poor-houses have come to what they are by living in idleness. All our great men come from our industrious, laboring boys; self-made men; the best and the greatest the world ever knew.

Wool buyers in Umatilla county are paying 24 cents per pound, delivered at Umatilla Landing.

The crickets, lately quite numerous in some parts of Eastern Oregon, are happily disappearing.

Thos. Gerand is on trial at Salem for the murder of Thomas Hubbard.

The Word "Place."

A profoundly interesting and important question has just been decided at the London Court of Common Pleas as to the meaning of the word "place" in the Act for the suppression of betting houses, 16th and 17th Vic., chap. 119. It arose in a case stated on appeal from the decision of the justices of Chester convicting the appellant of occupying a place and using it for the purpose of betting. It appears that on the 14th of July the appellant was on the Chester race-course standing on a stool 2 ft. 6 in. high, over which was a large umbrella of the "gig" variety, capable of covering several persons, the stick being made in six joints, like a sweep's brush, so as to be taken to pieces, and being fixed in the ground with a spike. It was a showery day, but the umbrella, it was proved, was kept open wet or dry. On the umbrella was painted in large letters, "G. Bows, Victoria Club, Leeds," and a card was also exhibited bearing the legend, "We pay all bets first past the post." The question was, whether Mr. Bow's stool and umbrella together constituted a "place" within the meaning of the Act, and the Court has decided that they do, and affirming the conviction by the magistrates. The spot, they held, was ascertained for the time by the spike of the umbrella being put in the ground, and it was certainly a place. Indeed the court was not clear that it was not an "office." The umbrella, which was capable of covering several persons, was "practically an open tent." The words "We pay here all bets first past the post" meant "If you will resort or come under this umbrella, here is the place you will be paid." Great importance, it will be seen, was attached to the fact of the umbrella being fixed to the ground. A very nice question of law would have arisen if Mr. Bow's umbrella had had no spike and had been merely held over his head by an attendant. Would his stool alone have constituted a place? and, if not, would a camp-stool, armed, as some are, with a spike, differ from an ordinary three-legged stool in this respect?

PANNED OUT WELL.—The latest zephyr from Kansas, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal* of May 28th, is laden with the perfume of baked boy. It is reported that cremation has been inaugurated at Leavenworth, and that on Thursday of last week, a Mr. Miller placed the body of his son, who had just died at the age of ten years, in a furnace specially constructed for the purpose, and subjected it to the process of cremation in the presence of a large number of surrounding friends and admiring physicians. The boy panned out well, his ashes being all that could be desired.

HAY TEA FOR CALVES.—A farmer who had a calf of valne and no milk to give it was advised to give it hay tea. He did so and the calf is reported as doing finely, though it has neither received hay nor meal since he got it. He cuts the finest and best hay he has about two inches long, and pours boiling water over it; lets it stand until cooled to about the heat of milk from the cow, when the tea is given to the calf and the hay to the cow. Both calf and cow thrive on their feed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A modest young husband in New York sent the following message over the wires to friends the other day: "See ninth chapter of Isaiah, sixth verse."

The dusty old Bible was hauled down in an instant, and the above chapter and verse were hunted out and found to explain all.

The verse reads: "For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

HOW HE DID IT.—Russell, in his memoirs of Tom Moore, says: Tom, pressed as to how he got his living, made this frank avowal: "On Sunday I always dine with an old friend of mine, where I eat so much that it lasts me till Wednesday. Then I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and that makes me so sick that I can't eat anything till Sunday again."

"John," inquired a schoolmaster of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails."

"Very good. What is a tailor?" "A man who makes tails." "Oh, you stupid fellow."

"Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not make tails to his coats they would all be jackets."

A bet between two well known citizens of Salem was paid by the loser playing a hand organ through the streets, and the winner following taking up a collection for the benefit of the Orphans' Home. A large crowd gathered and over one hundred dollars were collected.

Daniel Drake, of Corvallis, whom we mentioned as having been hurt by young Cushman on the night of election day, is now very low from the effects of his wounds. Erysipelas has attacked the parts hurt, and the patient is now in a precarious condition.

One of E. A. Taylor's fishing boats took to Astoria last Monday morning a sturgeon which weighed 1,250 pounds, measuring 12 feet in length and 2½ feet across the back. This is probably the largest fish ever taken from the Columbia river

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A hundred years ago there were no railroads, steamboats, telegraph lines, gas burners, furnaces, sewing machines, photographs, friction matches, revolvers, percussion caps, Indiarubber shoes, free schools.

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